Taylors VVater-vvorke:

OR

The Scullers Trauels, from Tiber to Thames : with his Boat laden with a hotch-potch, or Gallimawfrey of Sonnets, Satyres, and Epigrams.

With an Inkhorne Disputation betwixt a Lawyer and a Poet.

and a quarterne of new catcht Epigrames, caught the last Fishing-tide: together with an addition of Pastorall Equiuocques, or the complaint of a Shepheard.

Sum primus homo, Vis ire mecum Remis? Est mihi proxima Cimba.

A·BODLEIANA·BIBLIOTH

Printed at London for *Nathaniel Butter*. 1614.

To neyther Monarch, nor Miſer, Keaſer nor Caitife, Pallatine or Plebeian, but *to great Mounſier Multitude*, alias, *All, or euery* one; *Iohn Taylor* ſends his Sculboats lading, *to be cenſured as it ſhall pleaſe their wiſe*-domes to ſcrew their Luna-like opinions.

MOſt Mightie, Catholicke (or Vniuerſall) Mounſier Multitude, (*whoſe many millions of* Hydraes *heads*, Argos *eyes, and* Briareus *hands,*) *are* (*if you pleaſe*) *to iudge of my Water-Muſes trauels, to looke with hundreds of aſpects on the proſpect of my Sculler, or to lend a few of your many hands to helpe to tugge me a ſhore at the hauen of your good-wills, which if you doe, it is more then my worthleſſe imbecillity doth eyther expect or merit. But if you will not aſſiſt me, I will attend the next highside, & ſcramble vp into* Paules *Church-yard, though I be faſt a ground for my labour: Ile grable for Gudgeons, or fiſh for Flounders in the Rereward of our eminent temperizing Humoriſts, ſharpe Satyriſts, or Æ-nigmaticall Epigramatiſts. I could wiſh my lines might pleaſe like Cheeſe to a Welchman, Butter to a Fleming, Vſquebaugh to an Iriſhman, or Honey to a Beare: To Conclude, I wiſh beſt to the Proteſtant, I pitie the Papiſt, praying for the perſeuerance of the one, and a reformation of the other: Meane time, my Boat (like a Barbers ſhop) is readie for all commers, be they of what Religion they will, paying their fare.* Farewell.

Yours ten thouſand wayes

Iohn Taylor.

To the Right VVorshipfull and my euer respected, Mr. IOHN MORAY *Esquire.*

OF all the wonders this vile vvorld includes,
I muse how Flattery such high fauours gaine!
How adulation cunningly deludes
Both high and low, from Scepter to the swayne;
But yet if thou by flattery could'st obtaine
More then the most that is possest by men,
Thou canst not tune thy tongue to falshoods straine,
Yet with the best canst vse both tongue and pen.
Thy sacred learning can both scan and ken
The hidden things of Nature and of Art,
Tis thou hast rayst me from obliuions den,
And made my Muse from obscure sleepe to start.
Vnto thy wisedomes censure I commit,
This first borne issue of my worthlesse wit.

I. T.

To my deere respected friend, Master *Beniamin Iohnson.*

THou canst not die, for though the stroake of death
Deprines the world of thy worst earthly part:
Yet when thy corps hath banished thy breath,
Thy liuing Muse shall still declare thy Art.
The fatall Sisters and the blessed Graces,
Were all thy friends at thy Natiuitie:
And in thy winde the Muses tooke their places,
Adoring thee with rare capacitie.
And all the Worthies of this worthy land,
Admires thy wondrous all admired worth,
Then how should I that cannot vnderstand
Thy worth, thy worthy worthinesse set forth?
Yet beare the boldnesse of the honest Sculler,
Whose worthlesse praise can fill thy praise no fuller.

I. T.

To

To my loving friend, IOHN TAYLOR.

COuld my vnpractiſd Pen aduance thy name,
Thou ſhouldſt be ſeated on the vvings of Fame.
For from thy toyleſome Oare I vvonder I,
How thy inuention flowes ſo iocondly!
Not hauing dream'd on faire *Pernaſſus* Hill,
With fruitfull numbers to inrich thy Quill.
Nor hauing vvaſht in that Pegaſſion Fount,
Which lends the vvits ſuch nimbleneſſe, to mount
With tickling rapture, on Poetique ſtraines,
On Thames the Muſes floate that fils thy braines.
Thy happy vvit produc'd thy happy rimes,
Which ſhall commend thee vnto after-rimes.
And worthily enrole thy name mongſt thoſe,
Whoſe Temples are begirt with Lawrell bowes.
For, (ſooth to ſay) a worke I ſaw not yet,
Leſſe helpt with learning and more grac'd vvith wit:
Then ſpight of Enuie, and Detractions ſcorne,
Though Art thou want'ſt, thou art a Poet borne:
And as a friend for names ſake, Ile ſay thus,
Nec ſcombros metuentia, Carmina nec Thuſ.

Henry Taylor.

To the one and onely water-Poet and my friend,
Iohn Taylor.

FReſh-water Souldiers ſaile in ſhallow ſtreames,
And Mile-end Captaines venture not their liues:
A braine diſtempred brings forth idle dreames,
And guilded Sheathes haue ſeldome golden Kniues,
And painted faces none but fooles bewitch:
Thy Muſe is plaine; but vvitty, faire, and rich.
When thou didſt firſt to *Aganippe* floate,
Without thy knowledge (as I ſurely thinke)

The *Nayades* did ſwim about thy Boat,
And brought thee bravely to the Muſes brinke,
Where Grace and Nature filling vp thy Fountaine,
Thy muſe came flowing from Pernaſſus Mountaine.
So long may flow as is to thee moſt fit,
The boundleſſe Ocean, of a Poets wit. *I. P.*

In laudem Authoris.

WIt, Reaſon, Grace, Religion, Nature, Zeale,
Wrought all together in thy working braine.
And to thy worke did ſet this certaine ſeale,
Pure is the colour that will take no ſtaine.
What need I praiſe? the worke it ſelfe doth praiſe:
In words, in worth, in forme, and matter to,
A world of wits are working many wayes,
But few haue done that thou doſt truly doe:
Was neuer Taylor ſhapt ſo fit a Coat,
Vnto the corps of any earthly creature,
As thou haſt made for that foule Romiſh Goat,
In true deſcription of his diuelliſh nature.
Beſides, ſuch matter of iudicious wit,
With quaint conceits ſo fitting euery fancy,
As well may proue, who ſcornes and ſpights at it
Shall eyther ſhew their folly or their franzie.
Then let the Popes Bulls roare, Bell, Booke, and Candle,
In all the Deuills circuit ſound thy curſe:
Whilſt thou with truth doſt euery tryall handle,
God bleſſe thy worke, and thou art nere the worſe.
And vvhile Hells friends their hatefull foe doe proue thee,
The Saints on earth, and God in heauen will loue thee.

Thy louing friend *Nicholas Breton.*

VVHen Tybers ſiluer waues their Channell leaue,
And lonely Thames, her wonted courſe forſake,
Then foule oblivion ſhall thy name bereaue,
Drenching thy glory in her hell-bred lake,

But till that time this scourge of Popery
Shall Crowne thy fame with immortality.

Thy friend assured *Maximilian Wand.*

To my loving friend Iohn Taylor.

FErris gaue cause of vulgar wonderment,
When vnto Bristow in a Boat he went:
Another with his Sculler ventured more,
That row'd to *Flushing* from our English shoare.
Another did deuise a woodden Whale,
Which vnto *Callice* did from *Douer* saile.
Another, with his Oares and slender Wherry,
From *London* vnto *Antwerpe* o're did ferry.
Another, maugre fickle fortunes teeth,
Rowed hence to *Scotland*, and arriu'd at *Leeth*.
But thou hast made all these but triuiall things,
That from the Tower thy watry Sculler brings
To *Hellicon*: most sacred in account,
And so arriued at Pernassus Mount:
And backe return'd laden with Poets wit,
With all the Muses hands to witnesse it:
Who on their Sculler doth this praise bestow,
Not such another on the Thames doth row.

Thy loving friend Samuel Rowlands.

To my friend, both by water and land,
IOHN TAYLOR.

OFt hast thou trauel'd for me at thy Oare,
But neuer in this kinde did'st toyle before.
To turne a Poet in this peeuish time,
Is held as rare as I should write in rhime,
For one of thy profession, yet thy Art,
Surpasseth mine: this segnes to paint that part,

I meane thy Poetry which in thee lurkes,
And not thy ſweating skill in water-werks.
I cannot but commend thy Booke, and ſay
Thou meriſt more then common Scullers pay:
Then whiſtle off thy Muſe, and giue her ſcope.
That ſhe may ſoundly ceaſe vpon the Pope:
For well I ſee that he and many more,
Are dar'd by her (which ſcarce was done before.)
Proceed (good Iohn*) and when th'aſt done this worke,*
Feare not to venter truſſing of the Turke.
I like thy vaine, I loue thee for thoſe gifts
Of Nature in thee, farre aboue the ſhifts
That others ſeeke, plodding for what they pen,
Wit workes in thee, Learning in other men.
Then natiue language we haue done thee wrong
To ſay th'art not compleat, wanting the tongue
Cald Latine, for heere's one ſhall end the ſtrife,
That neuer learned Latine word in's life.
Then to conclude, I truly muſt confeſſe,
Many haue more beene taught, but learned leſſe.

Thy aſſured friend *R. B.*

To my louing friend IOHN TAYLOR.

SOme ſay kinde *Iacke* thou art a Poet borne,
And none by Art; vvhich thou maiſt iuſtly ſcorne:
For if vvithout thy name they had but ſeene
Thy lines, thy lines had artificiall beene.
Opinion carries with it ſuch a curſe,
Although thy name makes not thy verſe the worſe.
If then this worke, variety affords
Of Tropes, of Figures, Epethets and Words,
With no harſh accent, and with iudgement too,
I pray vvhat more can Art or Nature doo?
So that in thee thy *Genius* doth impart,
To Artificiall Nature, Naturall Art.

Thy old aſſured friend IO: MORAYI

Prologue to the Reader.

GOod gentle Reader, if I doe transgresse,
I know you know, that I did ne'er professe,
Vntill this time, in Print to be a Poet:
And now to exercise my wits I show it.
View but the intrals of this little Booke,
And thou wilt say that I some paines haue tooke:
Paines mixt with pleasure, pleasure ioynd with paine,
Produc'd this issue of my labouring braine.
But now me thinkes I heare some enuious throat,
Say I should deale no further then my Boat:
And ply my Fare, and leaue my Epigram,
Minding, *ne Sutor vltra crepidam.*
To such I answere, Fortune giue her gifts,
Some downe she throwes, and some to honour lifts:
Mongst whom from me, she hath with-held her store
And giues me leaue to sweate it at my Oare,
And though with labour I my liuing purse,
Yet doe I thinke my lines no iot the worse,
For gold is gold, though buried vnder mosse,
And drosse in golden vessels is but drosse.

Iohn Taylor.

To Tom Coriat.

VVHat matters for the place I first came from,
I am no Dancecomb, Coxecomb, Odcomb Tom,
Nor am I like a VVooll-packe, cramd with Greeke,
Venus *in* Venice *minded to goe seeke;*
And at my backe returne to write a volume,
In memory of my wits Gargantua *Columne.*

The choyſeſt wits would neuer ſo adore me,
Nor like ſo many Lackies runne before me;
But honeſt Tom, *I enuie not thy ſtate,*
Theres nothing in thee worthy of my hate;
Yet I confeſſe thou haſt an excellent wit:
But that an idle braine doth harbour it.
Foole thou it at the Court, I on the Thames,
So farewell Odcomb Tom, *God bleſſe King* Iames.

The Author in his owne defence.

THere is a crew of euer carping ſpirits,
Who merit nothing good, yet hate good merits:
One wrings his lawes awry, and then cries mew,
And that I ſtole my lines he'le plainely ſhew.
Thou addle headed Aſſe, thy braines are muddie,
Thy witleſſe wit, vncapable of ſtudie,
Deem'ſt each inuention barren, like to thine,
And what thou canſt not mend thou wilt repine.
Loe thus to wauering Cenſures torturing Racke,
With truth and confidence my Muſe doth packe.
Let Zoylous *and let* Momus *doe their worſt,*
Let Enuie and Detraction ſwell and burſt:
In ſpight of ſpight, and rankerous diſdaine,
In ſcorne of any carping Criticks braine,
Like to a Pouſt ile runne through thicke and thinne,
To ſcourge iniquitie and ſpurgall ſinne.
You worthy fauorites of wiſedomes lore,
Onely your fauours doth my Muſe implore:
If your good ſtomackes theſe harſh lines diſgeſt,
I careleſſe bid a ruſh for all the reſt.
My lines firſt parents (be they good or ill)
Was my vnlearned braine, and barren quill.

To the whole kennell of Anti-Christs hounds, Prieſts, Friers, Monks, *and Ieſuites, Maſtiffes, Mongrels, Iſlands,* Spanniels, Bloud-hounds, Bobtale-tike, or Foyſting-hound: the Sculler ſends greeting.

Epigram 1.

CVrſe, exorciſe, with Beads, with Booke and Bell
Polluted ſhauelings: rage and doe your worſt:
Vſe coniurations till your bellies burſt,
With many a Nigromanticke mumbling ſpell,
I feare you not, nor all your friends that fell
With *Lucifer*: ye damned dogs that durſt
Deuiſe that thundring Treaſon, moſt accurſt,
Whoſe like before was neuer hatch'd in hell:
Halfe men, halfe deuils, who neuer dream'd of good,
To you from faire and ſweetly ſliding Thames,
A popomaſticke Sculler warre proclaimes,
As to the ſuckers of imperiall bloud.
An Anti-Ieſuite Sculler with his pen,
Defies your Babell Beaſt, and all his den.

I. T.

Epigram 2.

ROme, now approaches thy confuſion,
Thy Anti-Chriſtian Kingdome downe muſt tumble
Like *Nimrods* proud cloud-pearcing Babylon,
Thy hell-hatch'd pride, deſpight thy heart muſt humble.
In ſcorne of dambd equiuocation,
My lines like thunder through thy Regions rumble.

Downe in the duſt muſt lye thy painted glory,
For now I row and write thy tragicke ſtory.

Epigram. 3.

VVHen God had all things out of nothing fram'd,
And man had named all things that are nam'd:
God ſhewed to man the way he ſhould behaue him,
What ill would dam him, or what good would ſaue him,
All creatures that the world did then containe,
Were all made ſubiects to mans Lordly raigne.
Faire Paradiſe was princely ADAMS walke,
Where God himſelfe did often with him talke:
At which the Angels, enuious and proud,
Striu'd to aſcend aboue the higheſt crowd:
And with the mighty God to make compare,
And of his glory to haue greateſt ſhare:
Becauſe they ſaw Gods loue to man ſo great,
They ſtriu'd to throw their maker from his ſeat.
But he, whoſe power is All-ſufficient,
Did headlong hurle them from Heauens battlement:
And for with enuious pride they ſo did ſwell,
They loſt Heauens glory for the paines of Hell.
In all this time man liuing at his eaſe,
His wife nor he not knowing to diſpleaſe
Their glorious maker, till the Sonne of night
Full fraught with rage, and poyſon burſting ſpighe,
Finding alone, our ancient Grandam EVE,
With falſe perſwaſions makes her beleeue
If ſhe would eate the fruit ſhe was forbidden,
She ſhould Gods ſecrets know, were from her hidden.
Suppoſing all was true the Serpent told,
They both to ADAM ſtraightway did vnfold,
This treacherous horrid vile ſoule-killing treaſon,
And he ambitious, paſt the bounds of Reaſon,
(To his poſteritie ſole detriment)
Doth to the Woman and the Fiend conſent.

Yet

Yet *Adam* neuer had the Deuill obeyed,
Had he not had the Woman for his ayde.
Loe thus the ſexe that God made man to cheriſh,
Was by the Deuill intic'te to cauſe him periſh.
Sathan ſuppoſing he had wonne the field,
(In making man to his obedience yeeld)
Poore *Adam* now in corps and minde deiected,
From head to foote with ſhamefull ſinne infected:
Is now a ſlaue to ſinne, the Deuill and Death,
Dreading the danger of th'Almightie's wrath.
From *Eden* baniſht, from Gods preſence thruſt,
And all the earth being for his crime accurſt,
Oppreſt with griefe and ſelfe-conſuming care,
Being at the brimme of bottomleſſe diſpaire.
Yet God in mercy thinking of his frailtie,
Though ſinfull man to him had broken fealtie,
Did promiſe he would ſend his onely Sonne,
To ſatisfie for faults by man miſdone.
At laſt he came, in his appointed time.
And on his faultleſſe ſhoulders tooke our crime,
And like a malefactor death he ſuffered,
And once for all, himſelfe himſelfe hath offered.
And yet the Deuill will not be satisfide,
(Although the Sonne of God for ſinners dide)
But daily helliſh damned enterpriſes,
His miniſters and he 'gainſt man deuiſes,
Vnder the ſhelter of Religious cloake,
Seditiouſly he doth the world prouoke,
'Gainſt God in trayterous manner to rebell,
To amplifie his euerlaſting hell,
Attempting mankinde ſtill by fraud or force,
His ſoule from his Redeemer to diuorce.
And yet not man alone muſt feele his ſting,
But he dares venter on our heauenly King,
Whoſe power, though Sathan knowes is euerlaſting,
Yet after fortie dayes and nights long faſting,

Thinking him weake, attempts now to inuade him:
And with illusions seeking to perswade him:
Carries our Sauiour vp vnto a hill,
And told him if he would obey his will
In adoration to fall downe before him,
He of the worlds great glory would so store him
That he should Lord and Master be of all,
If he in reuerence would before him fall.
Christ knowing him to be the roote of euill,
With God-like power commands, auoyd thou deuill:
Tis writ, *thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God*,
But serue and feare the fury of his rod,
Sathan perceiuing all his labour lost,
Runnes through the world more swifter then a post:
Proclaimes large kingdomes, and a tryple Crowne,
To him that in his Reuerence would fall downe.
Ambitious thirst of fickle fading fame,
Did quickly mindes of worldly men inflame:
Making them dreame on pleasures transitory,
And to esteeme earths pompe aboue heauens glory.
This made the Pope, with poysnous pride infusde,
T'accept those honours Christ before refusde:
Now hath he wonne great fame, on this condition,
That fore the deuill he fall in base submission:
So hauing wonne this great magnificense,
To countermaund the earthes circumference:
The Idiot world he proudly ouer-swayes,
Vnder the name of heauens immortall Kayes,
Ore all the Globe he raignes as Lord and King,
And to Hells Goat-fold aye doth millions bring,
Of soules, seduc'd with buzard blinded zeale,
From men besotted he doth honour steale.
And yet with his effrontit shameleste face,
Seemes to commaund the Deuill that gaue him place.
A haynous fault in my dull vnderstanding,
The seruant o're his Lord should be commanding:

But

But yet I thinke tis but for pollicy,
More to encreaſe th'infernall monarchy:
He ſeemes to hate the Deuill, he Moſt doth ſerue,
Elſe would the world from Romes obedience ſwerue,
And leaue the Pope and Papiſts in the lurch,
And then might Sathan whiſtle for a Church.
The Ile of Brittaine hath perceiu'd their tricks,
And in rebellion 'gainſt the Pope ſhe kickes:
For whom they haue inuented hell-hatcht plots.
Quite to extirpe the Engliſh and the Scots.
I wot not which of Rome or hell roard lowder,
But they had like t'haue peperd vs with powder.
Yea all eſtates from Scepter to the Crowne
Should ropſie turuie all be tumbled downe.
Without reſpect of perſon, ſexe, or age,
All had their doome, t'abide the Romane rage.
But he that by his ſacred ſelfe had ſworne
To guard his Church, did laugh them all to ſcorne:
For when thoſe vaſſels of eternall night,
Thought all ſecure, then God brought all to light,
Caſting their painted glory in the duſt,
That any power beſides his power doth truſt:
Leauing their Corps a prey for Crowes and Kites,
That brauely ſo for Signior Sathan fights.
But in this matter ile no longer trauell,
Leaſt want of water make my Ship to grauell:
Knowing theres many wits of farre more worth,
That to the life hath limbd this Treaſon forth:
But ile conclude as I began before,
Becauſe that Chriſt would not the Deuill adore,
Chriſt loſt this glorious worldly pompous raigne,
Which happy loſſe the hapleſſe Pope did gaine.

Epigram 4.

HOw weakely is that weake Religion grounded,
That thinkes the Church on *Peters* corps is founded?

The

The ſpouſe of Chriſt is buile on Faiths firme Rocke,
Which not the fury of Hels direfull ſhocke,
Though all the fiends in troopes doe her aſſayle,
Yet 'gainſt Gods power their force cannot preuaile.
Peters confeſsing Chriſt Gods true begotten,
Is ſure the Churches ground, but *Peter's* rotten.
Or elſe if *Peter* neuer had had life,
Through want of him Chriſt neuer had had wife.
For tis an Article of faith profound,
To know S. *Peter* for the Churches ground.
And who denies it ſhall haue fire and rope,
Beleeue me Reader, or goe aske the Pope.
But yet I muſe in what place of the earth,
Gods Church did ſtand before Saint *Peters* birth?

Matth. 16. If the corps of *Peter* be the Churches foundation, as the Papiſts faine, then how ſhould the ſpouſe of our Sauiour haue done if the Apoſtle *Peter* had neuer been borne.,

---

Epigram. 5.

VVHen as our Sauiour to the Temple went,
To tell the meſſage that his father ſent:
And finding there a rude vnruly rout,
That bought and ſold: he angry, beat them out,
And ouerthrew their Treſſels and their Tables,
And made them packe away with all their bables:
And further ſaid (what all true hearts beleeues)
This houſe was made for prayer, no den for theeues.
Thoſe Marchants thus whipt from their market place,
Practis'd reuenge 'gainſt Chriſt for this diſgrace.
And more to ſtrength their power, ioynd with the Pope:
Who by his lawleſſe lawes hath giuen them ſcope,
That in the Church they ſtill ſhould buy and ſell
Both God, and Deuill, Heauen, Purgatory, Hell.
Now heeres the ods, Chriſt out the Pedlars thruſt,
And ſtayd himſelfe there, preaching what was iuſt.
And for reuenge the haughtie Romane Prieſt.
Hath tane the Pedlars in, and thruſt out Chriſt.

Epigram 6.

IT is a queſtion farre beyond my Logicke,
How thoſe that haue the Popedome won by Magicke,
Can be Lieutenants vnto Chriſt our Sauiour,
Being knowne for hel-hounds of moſt damnd behauiour:
Then ſince the Deuill hath the Pope created,
His Vicar muſt he be that there him ſeated:
Twould make a wiſer head then mine to muſe,
That God ſhould like the man the Deuill doth chuſe.

'Tis more then I can beleeue that the Deuill hath power to elect an officer for God.

Being of the deuils placing or diſplacing, the Pope muſt needs be the deuils deputy and not Chriſts.

Epigram 7.

A Prouerbe old, where had the Deuill the Fryer?
Where had the Deuill the Fryer but where he was?
The Deuill with the Fryer ſits in the Quire,
The Fryer with the Deuill ſayes and ſing Maſſe:
The Deuill and the Fryer are nere aſunder,
The Fryer to hate the Deuill is more then wonder.

Epigram. 8.

COnferring with a Romiſh Phariſie,
Who voyd of grace maintain'd this hereſie,
That he the Law of God had neuer broken,
Nor neuer ill had done, nor ill had ſpoken.
I gaue his Antichriſtian faith the lye.
And told him that for him Chriſt did not dye.
For he did ſuffer onely for their ſinne,
Who were inſnared in the Deuils ginne.
And as for him that neuer had tranſgreſt,
Twere good to hang him now hee's at the beſt.

I my ſelfe did talke with ſuch a fellow, and if occaſion ſerue I can produce him.

Epigram 9.

IT is an Art beyond the worke of Nature,
The Pope ſhould be Creator, and a Creature:
Betwixt the Pope and God there's one thing odde,
For though God all things made, the Pope makes God.

'Tis a rare piece of worke for the pot to make the Potter.

Epigram 10.

If the deuill be true to his ſeruants, theſe two principle Axiomes will to the end of the world helpe the Papiſts at a dead lift.

REligion's ſcatter'd into diuers ſects,
One likes one way for many ſound reſpects.
Others like that vvay, others like another,
And vvhat likes t'one, is loathed by the tother.
Yet each man deemes his owne opinion's right,
And each 'gainſt other beares inated ſpight.
Amongſt the reſt the Romane Catholike,
Who ſcornes that his Religion ſayle ſhould ſtrike
To any, ſince from it two vertues ſprings,
That they may eate their God, and kill their Kings:
By which maine Maximes they doe ſtrongly hope
To the worlds Period to vphold the Pope.

Epigram. 11.

Tis reaſon a Shepheard ſhould rule Rome becauſe a Shepheard did build it: and it ſtands by great reaſon, the Pope ſhould be of a wolniſh nature, becauſe a Wolfe was nurſe to his firſt predeceſſor *Romulus*.

IT is no wonder though Romes regall ſway,
Is by a ſhepheard ruld with Lordly fame;
For ancient records truly doth diſplay;
How *Romulus* the ſhepheard buile the ſame:
And how his brother *Remus* and himſelfe,
In *Tybers* ruthleſſe waues, ydrencht and duckt,
When infant miſery was all their pelfe,
A rauening wolfe, moſt mother-like they ſuckt:
From whom doth ſpring as from a flowing gulfe,
Romes Prieſt, and Prince, a Shepheard, and a Wolfe.

Epigram. 12.

Though all the Scriptures doe affirme that the corporall preſence of Chriſt is in heauen, from whence he will not come in his bodily

TVmultuous thoughts within my breaſt doth ſtruggle,
To thinke how finely popiſh Prieſts can iuggle:
And make the world beleeue, a wafer Cake,
Is that Creator that did all things make
Or that the ſinne-polluted bald-crownd Prieſt,
With coniurations, can create his Chriſt,
When our beliefe doth plainly teſtifie,

He

He sits at Gods right hand in maiestie,
From whence in humane forme he will not come,
Till quicke and dead shall all abide his doome.
What fooles are they then thinkes the Priest and Baker,
With impious hands makes their immortall maker.

forme, till he comes to the eterall iudgement: yet a shaueling Priest will daily take a Cake or a

vpon him to command him downe, and to iuggle him into the shape of piece of bread.

Epigram. 13.

NOt all the sophistrie of *Aristotle*.
Cannot perswade me but the Pope did erre,
When he and's sonne mistooke the poysned bottle,
Twas error sure what euer they inferre.
O't had beene good then, both for him and's heire,
He had beene haltered fast in *Peters* Chayre.

Alexander the 6. and his sonne *Cæsar Borgius* were both poysoned with mistaking their liquor. But if his

holinesse had beene in *Peters* Chayre he could not haue erred in such a matter.

Epigram 14.

THe warlike Emperors before Christ come,
Subdude the world, both Sea and Land to Rome.
Then afterwards the Heauens, their Bishops wonne,
By preaching truly Gods immortall Sonne.
Heauen, Earth, and Sea, being taken in the prime,
What rests now for the Popes this latter time?
Since of the heauens and earth they loose their part,
They will haue hell, despight the deuils hart.

Heauen, Earth, Sea and Land, being all won before these latter times by the Emperours and the godly Bishops, there remaines onely hel for the Pope to make a lawful claime vnto.

Epigram 15.

CHrists Church in no wayes is the Church of Rome,
For *Paul* sayes, in the latter times should come;
Apostates, that the truth should quite forsake,
That lyes and fables should Religion make:
Affirming meats and Matrimony euill,
Which *Paul* doth call the doctrine of the deuill.
Then since the Pope and all his shaueling rout,

That Church that is so opposite to the doctrine of Christ cannot be Christs wife but the deuils whore.

What Christ commaunds they wilfully thrust out.
I with my betters must conclude this doome,
The Deuils deere drab must be the Church of Rome.

Epigram 16.

God made heauen and earth, the Sea, and all things contayned in them: the Pope made Purgatory without Gods leaue or knowledge, therefore it is no reason that God should haue any thing to doe there without the Popes leaue.

OYes, if any man would know a place,
Where God himselfe hath neither power nor might,
Where as th'Almighty neuer shew'd his face:
Where words, nor swords, can neither talke nor fight.
O such a placelesse place is Purgatory,
Created by the Pope without Gods leaue,
To amplifie his Antichristian glory,
And all the world with cunning to deceiue,
Where as the Pope hangs, drawes, condemnes, and iudges,
Commits, acquits, sets free, or casts in thrall,
Whether he thousands sends, on heapes like drudges,
For in this no place, he is all in all:
And like a mightie three-crownd priestly Prince,
With threats and bans he so the world bewitches:
In sending thither, and recalling thence,
He gaines himselfe the Deuill and all for riches.

Epigram 17.

His holines domineers ouer all the deuils in this life, but tis but borrowed ware, for they pay him all his old score when he dies, and comes to *Plutos* host.

THe Pope hath charge of heauens immortall keyes,
And triple-headed *Cerberus* obeyes,
His triple Crowne, and who so ere he please,
He sends to Hell for payne, or Heauen for ease.
He can commaund the Angels and the Fiends,
What pleases them for him or for his friends,
Like as a Dog doth feare a flitch of Bacon,
So his great name, Heauen, Earth, and Hell hath shaken.

Epigram. 18.

VVHo dares affirme the Popes of Rome are *Proud*,
Amongst the Heretikes himselfe must shroud:
Or who dares say they'r giuen to *Auarice*,

In

In selling Heauen and Hell for summes of price?
Or who dares speake such words of treachery,
To say the Pope is giuen to *Lecherie*?
Or who is he, dares be so impious,
To say his Holinesse is *Enuious*?
Or who, for feare of euerlasting scath,
Dares once accuse his Holinesse of *Wrath*?
Or who is he that dares once verifie,
The Pope doth vse excessiue *Gluttony*?
Or who dares say that like a droane or moath,
Like an vnpreaching Priest, he liues by *Sloath*?
He that against him this dares iustifie,
Is a plaine Protestant, and such am I.

Seauen goodly vertues, naturally ingrafted in his hellish holinesse.

Epigram. 19.

MAy it be call'd intollerable pride,
For man to sit in the Almightie seate?
Or on mens shoulders pompously to ride,
To terrifie the World with thundring threat?
To weare a three-pilde Crowne vpon his head?
To haue both Kings and Princes at his becke?
Whose Horse by mightie Potentates is led,
Who proudly footes vpon the Emperors necke:
If trickes like these for pride may be alloud,
Then I conclude the Pope must needs be proud.

His holinesse neuer learned this of Christ, nor yet of Peter.

Epigram 20.

IF it be couetous for gripple gaine,
To sell the Heauens, the Earth, yea God himselfe,
To dispossesse Kings from their lawfull raigne,
To cramme his Coffers with vnlawfull pelfe.
To pardon sinnes for money, more then pittie:
Nay more, to pardon sinnes that are to come:
To maintaine whores, and Stewes in Towne and Citie:
Who yeerely payes the Pope a countlesse summe,
Who takes great interest, puts great sums to vse,
Tis couetousnesse I thinke without excuse.

If you will know the price of sinne, any ordinary Priest can tell you, as well as Tom Tapster can tell a peny is the price of a pot of Ale.

Epigram 21.

Why may not his holines haue as much priuiledge as a beast? for a beast may lawfully ingender with his owne kindred, and the Pope is cald a beast in many places of the Bible.

IS it not brutish sensuall appetite,
The Sire to make a Strumpet of his Childe?
Or is not Lechery an Epithite,
For him that hath his fathers bed defilde?
For him that hath deflour'd Virginitie?
That hath defilde the Damsell and the Damme,
Without respect of Consanguinitie?
That like a Wolfe hath spoyld both Ewe and Lambe?
This may be tearmd incestuous Luxury,
And yet his Holinesse not wrong'd thereby.

Epigram 22.

It is too true that the Pope enuying the glory of other Princes, hath by fraud or force gotten all the earthly glory to himselfe. Pope *Stephen* the 6. caused the dead bodie of his predecessor *Formosus* to be digged vp, & to be cut and mangled, and cast into the riuer Tyber.

HE like a God that gouernes in the world,
That *Ennies* each mans honour but his owne:
He that sedition through the earth hath hurld,
Whose *Ennie* hath great Kingdomes ouer-throwne.
He that vngraues his foe thats once intomb'd,
For *Ennie* that he wrongd him whilst he liu'd,
And after death is *Enniously* doomb'd,
To be of liueless sencelesse limbs depriu'd.
If this be true none will denie I hope,
That *Ennie* is ingrafted in the Pope.

Epigram 23.

Those that remember the powder Treason can tell if I lie or not, besides many horrible murthers committed by Popes, which are extant in many learned Authors of their own sect.

HE whose fierce *Wrath* with bloudie rage doth swell,
That takes delight in slaughtring Gods elect:
He that is sworne the Champion of Hell.
That *Wrath* and *Murder* onely doth effect:
He whose combustious all deuowring ire,
Depopulates and layes whole Empyres waste,
Whose *Wrath* like a consuming quenchlesse fire,
Hath blessed peace from Christendome displac'te.
If I should need one, skild in wrath and murther,
His Holinesse commaunds me seeke no further.

Epi-

Epigram 24.

VVHo dares for *Gluttony* the Pope accuſe,
Or 'gainſt voluptuous diet make complaints?
His Holineſſe ſo many Faſts doth vſe,
As Lents, and faſting dayes and Eeues of Saints,
Yet where *Pride*, *Luſt*, and *Auarice* are found,
Heart gnawing *Enuie*, and fell murdering *Wrath*,
There rauenous *Gluttony* muſt needs abound,
Elſe other vices will be out of breath.
For Papiſts faſts are generally more deare,
Then feaſts of Proteſtants with all their cheare.

It is a pitifull pining gluttonous faſt, to refraine fleſh and eate all manner of fiſh, and other delicates, which they cauſe to ſwim in their bellies with the ſtrongeſt wine, which makes his Holineſſe and all his crew, to looke as leane as ſo many Brawnes, ſtyed vp againſt Chriſtmas.

Epigram 25.

THoſe [a] Liberall Sciences, in number ſeauen,
Began with *Pride*, and ends with drowſie *Sloath*:
Yet Chriſts command vnto the Apoſtles giuen
Was [b] *feede my ſheepe* that faith in them haue growth.
Now I ſuppoſe the feeding of Chriſts flocke,
Is truly preaching of his ſacred word,
Which word's the Key that opes the heauenly Locke,
Which [c] Sword and Word his Holineſſe doth hoord.
Which drawne, cuts his throat and the Deuils both,
For feare of which he lets it ſleepe in ſloath.

[a] Imeane the 7. deadly ſins. [b] His Holineſſe knowes if he ſhould feede the Sheepe of Chriſt with ſuch foode as he commanded they would ſoone finde out his knauerie. [c] If the Pope ſhould ſuffer this ſword to be drawne, it would cut his throat, and his Maſters both.

The beliefe of a Romiſh Catholike. Epigr. 26.

IDoe beleeue the holy Pope of Rome,
Is Lord of Scriptures, Fathers, Church and all:
Of Councels, of the world, whoſe dreadfull doome,
Can at his pleaſure make all riſe, or fall.

I would wiſh that this were not ſo, but I need not ſtand long in perſwading men to be

I doe

leeue it, for their owne Authors will testifie this and 100. times more.

I doe beleeue though God forbids the same,
That I should worship Images, and Saints:
I hope by mine owne workes I Heauen may clayme.
In tongues vnknowne, I must make prayers and plaints.
I doe beleeue Christs bodie made of bread,
And may be eaten by Dogs, Cats, or Mice,
Yet is a sacrifice for quicke and dead,
And may be bought and sold for rated price.
I further doe beleeue the Pope our Lord,
Can at his pleasure all my sinnes forgiue.

I thinke as you thinke, what thinke you?

I doe beleeue at his commaunding word,
Subiects must Kings of liues & lands depriue.
Like as the Church beleeues so I beleeue:
By which I hope the heauens I shall achieue.

Epigram 27.

Like as the Vipers birth's his mothers bane,
So the Popes Full, hath beene the Emperors Wane:
The Empires Autumne was the popish Spring,
And Kings subiection made the Pope a King.
Then did his Holinesse become a God,
When Princes children-like, gan feare his rod.
Whilst earthly Potentates their owne did hold
The Popes then shepheard-like did keepe their fold.
And fore the sacredr Tuth should be orecome,
They manfully would suffer Martyrdome.
But farewell Martyrs now, and welcome Miters,
For painefull Preachers now, contentious fighters,
With bloud or Gold, ascends the papall Chayre,
Vnder the title of Saint *Peters* heyre.
I thinke if truth were brought vnto the tryall,
The Pope is heyre to *Peter* in denyall.
But want of penitence proclaymes him base,
A Bastard, not of *Peters* blessed race,
Vnlesse when Christ did call th'Apostle deuill,
Hee's Bastard to the good, and heyre to th'euill.

Epigram

Epigram 28.

ME thinkes I heare a ſwarme of Romaniſts,
Reuile and curſe, with Candle, Booke and Bell:
Yea all that poleſhorne crew of Antichriſts,
Condemnes me all without remorſe to hell.
But I with reſolution ſo doe arme me,
Their bleſſings doe no good, nor curſings harme me.

Epigram 29.

I That haue rowed from Tyber vnto Thames,
Not with a Sculler, but with Scull and Braines:
If none will pay my fare, the more their ſhames,
I am not firſt vnpaid that hath tane paines.
Yet ile be bold if payment be delayd,
To ſay and ſweare your Sculler is not payd.

To his approued good friend Mr. *Robert Branthwayt.*

DEere friend, to thee I owe a countlesse debt,
Which though I euer pay, will nere be paid:
Tis not base coyne, subiect to cankers fret,
If so, in time my debt would be defraid,
But this my debt, I would haue all men know,
Is loue: the more I pay, the more I owe. *I. T.*

To his well esteemed friend Mr. *Maximilian Waad.*

VVIt, Learning, Honesty, and all good parts,
Hath so possest thy body, and thy minde,
That curteously thou steal'st away mens hearts,
Yet 'gainst thy theft theres neuer none repinde.
My heart, that is my greatest worldly pelfe,
Shall euer be for thee as for my selfe. *I. T.*

To my friend Mr. *William Sherman.*

THou that in idle adulating words
Canst neuer please the humours of these dayes,
That greatest works with smallest speach affords,
Whose wit the rules of Wisedomes lore obeyes.
In few words then, I wish that thou mayst be,
As well belou'd of all men as of me.

I. T.

FINIS.

Epigram 1.

ALl you that ſtedfaſtly doe fixe your eyes,
Vpon this idle iſſue of my braine,
Who voyd of any intricate diſguiſe,
Diſcribes my meaning ruſticall and plaine.
My muſe like *Siſiphus* with toyleſome traule,
Is euer working, yet hath neuer done,
Though from the Romiſh Sea ſhe well gan wade,
Yet is her labour as twere new begun.
For hauing at the Papiſts had a fling,
Great Brittaines vice, or vertues now I ſing.

Epigram 2.

THen cauſe I will not hug my ſelfe in ſinne,
Firſt with my ſelfe I meane for to begin.
Confeſſing that in me theres nothing good:
My vaines are full of ſin-polluted bloud,
Which all my corps infects with hell-borne crimes,
Which make my actions lawleſſe like theſe times,
That had I power according to my will,
My faults would make compare with any ill.
But yet I muſe at Poets now adayes,
That each mans vice ſo ſharpely will diſpraiſe:
Like as the Kite doth ore the carrion houer,
So their owne faults, with other mens they couer.
Cauſe you ſhall deeme my iudgement to be iuſt,
Amongſt the guilty, I crie *guilty* firſt.

Epigram 3.

GLacus that ſelfe conceited critticke fooſe,
Vpon my Epigrams doth looke a ſcaunt,

And bids me put my barren wit to Schoole,
And I in anger bid the Aſſe auaunt.
For till ſome better thing by him is pend,
I bid him falt not that he cannot mend.

Epigram 4.

A Skilfull Painter ſuch rare pictures drew,
That euery man his workmanſhip admir'd:
So neere the life, in beautie, forme, and hew,
As if dead Art, 'gainſt Nature had conſpirde.
Painter ſayes one, thy wife's a prettie woman,
I muſe ſuch ill-ſhapt Children thou haſt got,
Yet makeſt ſuch Pictures as their like makes no man,
I prethee tell the cauſe of this thy lot?
Quoth he, I paint by day when it is light,
And get my Children in the darke at night.

Epigram 5.

VNlearned *Aco*, ſtore of Bookes hath bought,
Becauſe a learned Scholler heele be thought:
I counſel'd him that had of Bookes ſuch ſtore,
To buy Pipes, Lutes, the Violl and Bandore,
And then his Muſicke and his learning ſhare,
Being both alike, with eyther might compare.

Epigram 6.

FAire *Betrice* tucks her coats vp ſomewhat hie,
Her pretty Leg and Foot cauſe men ſhould ſpie:
Sayes one you haue a handſome Leg ſweet Ducke,
I haue two (quoth ſhe) or elſe I had hard lucke:
There's two indeed, I thinke th'are twinnes (quoth he)
They are, and are not, honeſt friend (quoth ſhe)
Their birth was both at once I dare be ſworne,
But yet betweene them both a man was borne.

Epigram 7.

THe way to make a Welch-man thirſt for bliſſe,
And ſay his prayers daily on his knees:
Is to perſwade him that moſt certainelis,
The Moone is made of nothing but greene Cheeſe.
And heele deſire of God no greater boone,
But place in heauen to ſeede vpon the Moone.

Epigram 8.

A Gallant Laſſe from out her window ſaw
A Gentleman whoſe noſe in length exceeded:
Her boundleſſe will, not limited by law,
Imagin'd he had what ſhe greatly needed.
To ſpeake with him ſhe kindly doth entreat,
Deſiring him to cleare her darke ſuppoſe:
Suppoſing euery thing was made compleat,
And correſpondent equall to his noſe.
But finding ſhort where ſhe expected long,
She ſigh'd and ſaid, O noſe thou didſt me wrong.

Epigram 9.

YOung S^t. *Iohn Puckefoyſt*, and his new made Madam:
Forgets they were the off-ſpring of old *Adam*.
I'm ſure tis not for wit, nor man-like fight,
His worthleſſe worſhip late was dubd a Knight.
Some are made great for wealth, and ſome for wit,
And ſome for valour doe attaine to it:
And ſome for neyther valour, wit nor wealth,
But ſtolne opinion, purchaſe it by ſtealth.

Epigram 10.

ONe tolde me flattery was exilde the ſtate,
And pride and luſt at Court were out of date,
How vertue did from thence all vice purſue,
Tis newes (quoth I) too good for to be true.

Epigram 12.

HE that doth beate his braines, and tire his wit,
In hope thereby to pleaſe the multitude,
As ſoone may ride a horſe without a bit,
Aboue the Moone, or Sunnes high altitude.
Then neither flattery, nor the hope of pelfe,
Hath made me write, but for to pleaſe my ſelfe.

Epigram 12.

A Ruſticke ſwaine was cleauing of a blocke,
And hum he cries at euery ponderous knocke,
His wife ſayes, husband, wherefore hum you ſo?
Quoth he it makes the wedge in further goe.
When day was don, and drowſie night was come,
Being both in bed at play, ſhe bids him hum,
Good wife (quoth he) entreat me hum no more,
For when I hum I cleaue, but now I bore.

Epigram 13.

WHen Caualero Hot-ſhot goes with Oares,
Zoun's row ye Rogues, ye lazy knaues make haſt
A noyſe of Fidlers, and a brace of whores,
At Lambeth ſtaues for me to breake their faſt.
He that's ſo hot for's wench ere he come nie her,
Being at her once, I doubt heele be a fier.

Epigram 14.

IT was my chance once in my furious mood,
To call my neighbours wife an arrant whore,
But ſhe moſt ſtifly on her credit ſtood,
Swearing that ſorry I ſhould be therefore.
Her husband vnderſtanding of the caſe,
Proteſted he would ſue me for a ſlander,
When ſtraight I prou'd it to his forked face,
He was a Knaue, a Cuckold, and a Pander.

O ho (quoth he) good neighbour say no mo,
I know my wife lets out her buggle-bo.

Epigram 15.

THe Law hangs Theeues for their vnlawfull stealing,
The Law carts Bawds, for keeping of the dore,
The Law doth punish Rogues, for roguish dealing,
The Law whips both the Pander and the Whore,
But yet I muse from whence this Law is growne,
Whores must not steale, nor yet must vse their owne.

Epigram 16.

OLd *Fabian* by extortion and by stealth,
Hath got a huge masse of ill gotten wealth,
For which he giues God daily thanks and praise,
When twas the Deuill that did his fortunes raise.
Then since the getting of thy goods were euill,
Th'ast reason to be thankfull to the Deuill,
Who very largely hath increast thy mucke,
And sent thee Miser *Midaes* golden lucke.
Then thanke not God, for he hath helpt thee least,
But thanke the Deuill that hath thy pelse increast.

Epigram 17.

VVHat matter ist, how men their dayes doo spend,
So good report doe on their deaths attend:
Though in thy former life thou nere didst good,
But mad'st Religion for thy faults a hood,
And all blacke sinnes were harbour'd in thy breast,
And rooke thy Conscience for their natiue nest:
Yet at thy buriall for a noble price,
Shalt haue a Sermon made shall hide thy vice.
A thread-bare Parson shall thy prayse our-poure
And in the expiration of an houre
Will make the world thy honestie applaud,
And to thy passed life become a Baud,

Our

Our Christian brother heere lyes dead (quoth he)
Who was the patterne of true Charity:
No Drunkard, Whoremonger, nor no vile swearer,
No greedy Vsurer, nor no Rent-rearer.
O deare beloued this example take,
And thus an end at his time doe I make.
Thus Mr. Parson nobly spends his breath,
To make a Villaine honest after death,
And for one Noble, freely he affords,
Much more then twentie shillings-worth of words.

Epigram. 18.

LOrd who would take him for a pippin squire,
That's so bedaub'd with lace and rich attire?
Can the damb'd windefalls of base bawdery
Maintain the slaue in this imbroadery?
No maruaile Vertue's at so low a price,
When men knowes better how to thriue by Vice.

Epigram 19.

ALL *Bradors* oathes are new-found eloquence,
As though they sprung from learned sapience:
He sweares by swift-pac'd *Titans* fiery Car,
By *Mars*es Launce, the fearefull God of warre,
By *Cupids* Bow, *Mercuries* charming Rod,
By *Bacchus* Diety, that drunken God.
By grimfacde *Pluto*, and *Auernus* Caues,
By *Eolus* blasts, and *Neptunes* raging waues,
By his sweet Mistris bright transluscent eyes,
All other Oathes his Humour doth despise.

Epigram 20.

SIgneor *Serano*, to and fro doth range
And at high Noone he visits the Exchange:
With stately gate the peopled Burse he stalkes,
Prying for some acquaintance in those walkes,

Which

Which if he ſpie, note but his ſtrange ſalute,
Marke how heele ſpread to ſhew his broaking ſute,
When he perhaps that owde this caſt apparrell,
Not a fortnight ſince at *Tyborne* fought a quarrell.

Epigram 21.

OLd *Grubſons* Sonne a ſtripling of good age,
Twill make one laugh to ſee him and his Page,
Like to a garded Vrchin walkes the ſtreets,
Looking for reuerence of each one he meets:
Eagles muſt honour Owles, and Lyons Apes,
And wiſe men worſhip fooles for farre fetcht ſhapes.

Epigram 22.

GReat Captaine *Sharke* doth wonderfully muſe,
How he ſhall ſpend the day that next enſues:
Theres no Play to be plaid but he hath ſeene,
At all the Theaters he oft hath beene:
And ſeene the riſe of Clownes, and fall of Kings,
Which to his humor no contentment brings.
And for he ſcornes to ſee a Play paſt twice:
Heele ſpend a time with his ſweet Cockatrice.

Epigram 23.

A Compleat Gallant that hath gone as farre,
That with his hands from Skies hath pluckt a Starre:
And ſaw bright *Phœbus* when he did take Coach:
And *Luna* when her Throane ſhe did approach:
And talkt with *Iupiter* and *Mercury*,
With *Vulcan* and the Queene of Letchery,
And ſaw the net the ſtumpfoot Blacke-ſmith made,
Wherein fell *Mars* and *Venus* was betraid,
With thouſand other ſights he ſaw in Skies:
Who dares affirme it that this gallant lies?
I counſell all that either hate or loue him,
Rather beleeue him then to goe diſproue him.

Epigram 24.

DRusus his portion gallantly hath ſpent,
What though? he did it to a good intent.
Vnto a wiſe man it ſeemes neuer ſtrange,
That men ſhould put their money to exchange.
Nay then I ſaw he was a ſubtle Foxe,
What had he for't I pray? ſweet Sir the Poxe.
I doe not like his bargaine: why, wherefore?
His money ſtill wan'd leſſe, his poxe waxe more.
He need not now feare waſting of his ſtocks.
Spend what he can, he here ſhall want the Poxe.

Epigram 25.

NEat Maſter *Scape-thrift* rayles againſt all riot,
Commending much a temperate ſparing diet:
What though he hath beene prodigall and wilde,
Thoſe idle fancies now he hath exilde:
What though he hath bene frequent with exceſſe
Of Dice, of Drabs, and drowſie Drunkenneſſe,
Yet now hee's changd Sir, he is not the man,
The caſe is alterd now from what twas than:
The Prologue of his wealth did teach him ſpend,
And tis the Epilogue that makes him mend.

Epigram 26.

A Greedy Chuffe once being warnd in poſte,
To make appearance at the Court of Hell:
Where griſly *Pluto* hotly rules the roſte,
And being ſummond by the paſſing Bell,
With heapes of gold he would haue bribed Death,
But he diſdayning bribes, depriu'd his breath.

Epigram 27.

DOctor *Donzaga* one of wondrous learning,
And in Aſtronomy exceeding cunning:

Of

Of things thats past and comming, hees discerning,
His minde on Propheſies is euer running,
Of Comets, Meteors, Apparitions,
Of Prodigies, and exhalations,
Of Planets, natures, and conditions,
And of the ſphearcs great calculations,
Yet want of one skill, all his cunning ſmothers,
Who lies moſt with his wife, himſelfe or others?

Epigram 28.

BRaue *Bragadocio* whom the world would threaten,
Was lately with a fagot-ſticke ſore beaten:
Wherefore in kindneſſe now my Muſe muſt weepe,
Becauſe his reſolution was a ſleepe.

Epigram 29.

VValking along the ſtreets the other day,
A ragged Souldier croſt me on the way,
And though my Purſes lyning was but ſcant,
Yet ſomewhat I beſtowd to eaſe his want,
For which he kindely thanke me with his heart,
And tooke his leaue, and friendly we did part.
When ſtraight mine eyes a Horſe and Footcloth ſpide,
Vpon whoſe backe in pompous ſtate did ride
One, whom I thought was Deputie to *Ioue*,
Yet not this Souldiers wants could pitty moue,
But with diſdainfull lookes and tearmes of ſcorne,
Commaunds him trauell whither he was borne.
Twill almoſt make a Puritaine to ſweare,
To ſee an Aſſes Horſe a Cloake to weare,
When Chriſtians muſt goe naked, bare and thinne,
Wanting apparrell t'hide their mangled skinne,
Vaine world vnto thy Chaos turne agen,
Since bruitiſh beaſts are more eſteem'd then men,

Epigram 30.

Lieutenant Puffe from Cleaueland is return'd,
Where entring of a Breach was sorely burnd:
And from Reuenge heele neuer be perswaded,
Till the low Countries he hath quite inuaded.
When his hot wrath makes Neatherlands to smoake,
Hees bound for Deepe in France, with irefull stroake.
But haue a care in these hot warres of France
Least in a pocky heat you spoyle your Launce.

Epigram 31.

A Loue-sicke Woer would a Sonnet write,
In praise of her that was his hearts delight:
Hoping thereby his wished loue to winne,
And to attaine it, thus he did beginne.
Starre of the Earth, and Empresse of my Soule,
My Loue and Life, that doth my thoughts controule:
Sole Queene of my affections, and desire,
That like to Ætna sets my heart on fire.
Thy golden Lockes, resembling brightest Amber,
Most fit to grace some mightie Monarkes Chamber:
Thine eyes ecclipsing *Titan* in his rising,
Thy Face surpassing Natures best deuising,
Thy Lips euaporates most sweet perfumes,
Thy voyce the Musicke of the Spheares assumes:
Perfection wounds more then Loues Shaft and Bow,
Thy red the Rose doth shame, thy white the Snow,
Thou Worlds Wonder, Natures dearest Iewell,
Staine not thy Vertues, with thy being cruell,
O thou that art my Soules adored Saint,
Be penetrable to my woes complaint.
Thus the poore Bull-finch spends the day in moanes,
The night he wasts in deepe heart-gnawing groanes,
For a most filthy vgly odious Whore,
On whom he spends his substance and his store.

Deui-

Deuising millions of egregious lyes,
To raise his Puncks foule feature to the skyes.

Epigram 32.

LOoke how yon letchers Legs are worne away
With haunting of the Whore-house euery day:
He knowes more greasie Panders, Bawds, and Drabs,
And eats more Lobsters, Artichockes, and Crabs,
Blew roasted Egges, Potatoes, Muskadine,
Oysters, and pith that growes i'th Oxes Chine:
With many Drugs, Compounds, and Simples store,
Which makes him haue a stomacke to a Whore.
But one day heele giue ore, when tis too late,
When he stands begging through an iron grate.

Epigram 33.

LIght fingerd *Francus*, begging in the Iayle,
Did chance to see a friend of his passe by,
Thinking his lamentations would preuaile,
And that some coyne would from his bountie flye.
Those ancient friends, one thrall, and tother free,
One hungry, lowsie, ragged, and forlorne:
The tother fat with prodigalitie,
Makes him this answere mixt with pride and scorne,
What *Franke* (quoth he) art there for Ale and Cakes?
Why how the Deuill comes this luckelesse crosse?
Faith Sir (quoth *Franke*) your Mastership mistakes,
For I am heere for stealing of a Horse,
Troth I mistooke indeed, and so didst thou,
For at this time I haue no money now.

Epigram 34.

MOunsieur *Luxurio* hath beene with a Puncke,
Whereby his Worships purse is shrodely shrunke.
And now for pennance of his former ryet,
With good Duke *Humfrey* he must take his diet.

Thus with a crosseleſſe Purſe and meatleſſe maw,
I iudge his caſe quite paſt the helpe of Law.

Epigram 35.

THere chanſt to meet together in an Inne,
Foure men that thought that lying was no ſinne,
The firſt an old man was in age well enter'd,
The next a traueller that farre had venter'd,
The third a Poet in proſe and verſe attir'd,
The fourth a Painter, for his art admir'd:
Theſe foure ſtriued each other to excell,
Who ſhould in lying beare away the Bell:
The old man ſaid that when he was a boy,
To lift nine hundred waight was but a toy,
To iumpe in plaine ground thirtie foote at leaſt:
Then was accounted but an idle teſt.
The Traueller replide that he had ſeene,
The King of Pigmies, and the Fairy Queene:
And beene where triple-headed *Cerberus*,
Did guard the ſulphrus gate of Erebus.
The Poet he had bene at Hellicon,
And rakte from embers of obliuion
Old *Saturnes* downefall, and *Ioues* royall riſing,
With thouſand fictions of his wits deuiſing.
And for the Painter ſcornes to come behinde,
He paints a flying Horſe, a golden Hinde,
A Sagitary, and a grim wilde man,
A two-neckt Eagle, and a cole-blacke Swan.
Now Reader tell me which of thoſe foure Lyers,
Doth beſt deſerue the whetſtone for their hyers.

Epigram 36.

THough Death doe Vſurers of life depriue,
Yet their extortions euer ſhall ſuruiue.

Epigram 37.

MIraculous wonders in the Brittiſh clime,
Monſters of Nature, ſprung from putred ſlime,
Sampſon that puld the Gates of Gaza downe,
Nor Libian *Hercules* whoſe furious frowne,
Would maſe ſtrong Giants, tame the Lyons rage,
Were not ſo ſtrong as Gallants of this age:
Why you ſhall ſee an vpſtart Corkebraind Iacke,
Will beare fiue hundred Akers on his backe,
And walke as ſtoutly as it were no load,
And beare it to each place of his aboad,
Men of ſuch ſtrength I iudge it neceſſary,
That none but ſuch ſhould Porters burdens carry.

Epigram 38.

FOr Gods loue tell what gallant Gull is that,
With the great Feather, and the Beauer Hat?
O now I know, his name is Mounſier *Shift*,
Great Coſin-german to Sir *Cuthert Theft*,
All his reuenewes ſtill he beares about him,
Whorehouſe, nor Ordinaries neuer are without him.
Falſe Dice, ſharpe Knife, and nimble nimming fingers,
Are his ſworne Subiects, and his tribute bringers.
Thus doth he ſwagger, ſharke, ſteale, filtch, and quarrell,
Vntill the hangmans wardrop keepes his parrell.

Epigram 39.

A Famous houſe in poaſting haſt is built,
A gallant Porch with Pillars all beguilt,
Braue loftie Chimnies, pitty to defile them,
Pray make no fire, for the ſmoake will ſoyle.

Epigram 40.

A Worthy Knight there is of ancient fame,
And ſweet Sir *Reuerence* men doe call his name:

By

By whoſe induſtrious pollicie and wit,
Theres many things well tane, were elſe vnfit:
If to a foule diſcourſe thou haſt pretence,
Before thy foule words name Sir *reuerence*,
Thy beaſtly tale moſt pleaſantly will ſlip,
And gaine thee praiſe when thou deſeru'ſt the whip.
Theres nothing vile that can be done or ſpoke,
But muſt be couered with Sir *reuerence* Cloake.
His ancient pedegree who euer ſeekes,
Shall finde hees ſprung from mongſt the gallant Greekes.
Was *Aiax* Squire, great Champion to God *Mars*:
Pray God Sir *Reuerence* bleſſe your Worſhips ( )

Epigram 41.

HVnting is all this Gentlemans delight,
Yet out of Towne his Worſhip neuer rides:
He hunts inuiſible, and out of ſight,
For in the Citie ſtill his game abides.
He hunts no Lyon, Tygre, nor the Bore,
Nor Bucke, nor Stagge, nor Hart, nor Hinde, nor Hound,
But all his ſport's in hunting of a whore,
And in the Chaſe no trauell he will ſpare.
He hath one Dog for hunting of the Cunny,
Worth a whole kennell of your flap-mouth'd Hounds,
He will not part with him for any money,
But yet the Curre will courſe beyond his bounds.
But I aduiſe him to reſpect his lot,
Leaſt too much heating make him pockie hot.

Epigram 42.

FAlling a ſleepe, and ſleeping in a dreame,
Downe by the Dale that flowes with Milke and Creame,
I ſaw a Rat vpon an Eſſexcheeſe
Diſmounted by a Cambrian clad in Freeſe.
To bid his Worſhip eate I had no need,
For like a Serieant he began to feed.

Epi-

Epigram 43.

A French and Engliſh man at dinner ſate,
And neither vnderſtanding others prate
The Frenchman ſayes, *mange profoo Monſieur*,
The Engliſhman begins to ſtorme and ſweare:
By all the Deuills, and the Deuils dame,
He was not mangie but ith wriſts and hams.

Epigram 44.

A Dead dead bargaine is a quicke quicke wife,
A quicke wife lyes ore long vpon ones hands,
But for a dead wife that hath loſt her life
A man may ſooner vtter then his lands.
This Riddle greatly doth amaze my head,
That dead things ſhould be quicke, and quicke things dead.
Loe then ile make an outerie, wondrous ſtrange,
If Death doe any wife of life depriue:
I giue her husband coyne to boot, and change:
And for his dead wife one that is aliue:
Beſides, Ile pay the buriall and the feaſt,
And take my wife againe when ſhees deceaſt.

Epigram 45.

Momus ſits mumming like an Anticke Elfe,
Hates others good, nor doth no good himſelfe,

Epigram 46.

READer, if any thing this Booke did coſt,
Thou needſt not deeme thy coyne and labour loſt:
Twill ſerue thee well Tobacco for to drie,
Or when thou talk'ſt with mother *Anthonie*,
Twill ſerue for Muckenders for want of better,
So farewell Reader, I remaine thy debter.

Saigre.

THou that hast euer bene a rouing Thiefe,
A diuing Cutpurse, or a periurd Slaue,
And in all villany hast bene the chiefe,
And with a brasen brow canst Iustice braue,
That steal'st thy pedegree from ancient houses,
And iet'st in broaking Satin euery day:
That tak'st delight in stabbing and Carowses,
Not caring how thou iet'st thy loose life stray.
Thou that hast bene a Traytor to thy Prince,
A great Arch-villaine to thy native soyle,
And would'st by treachery exile from thence,
The blessed peace hath bene procur'd with toyle.
Thou that hast bene a Machiuilish
For damned slights, conceits, and pollicy:
Thou that hast bene an Antichristian,
Or Schismaticke with blinded heresie.
If any of these vile iniquities,
Haue bene the Axioms of thy passed life;
Then view the Roles of old antiquities,
And see goods got with falshood, lost with strife.
There shalt thou see how Iustice euermore,
Hath poyz'd the Ballance, and vpheld the Sword,
How Grauity inspirde with Wisedomes lore,
Hath Vertue honour'd, and foule Vice abhor'd.
How Treason hath beneleuer'd him from him,
How Theft and Murther there haue paid their hire:
How those that earst in worldly pompe did swim,
Haue soyld their fortunes in disgraces mire.
How Periury hath forfeited his eares,
How Cheating's mounted on the Pillory,
How graceleſſe impudents, that nothing feares,
Doe end their dayes in loathed misery.
How Vsury is plagued with the Gout,
How Auarice complayneth of the Stone:
How guiltie Consciences are still in doubt,

How

How Enuie gnawes on Honor to the bone.
How Letchery is laden with the Poxe.
How Prodigallitie doth end with woes
How Panderisme is headed like an Oxe.
Because the destinies appoint it so.
How drunkennesse is with the dropsie fraught,
And made his visage like a fiery Commet,
Who being full must leaue the tother draught,
Till like a Swine he wallow in his vomit.
How damb'd hipocrisie with fained zeale,
And outward shew of painted holinesse:
(Doth like a Canker eate the publike weale)
All scornefull pride, yet seemes all lowlinesse.
To thee that readst this, therefore be it knowne,
If any of those vices are immurde
Within thy heart, not to the World yet showne:
If by this reading thou maist be allurde,
To turne thy tide of life another way,
And to amendment all thy thoughts incline,
And to thy rebell will no more obey,
But seeke by vertuous actions to combine
Fame to thy friends, and terror to thy foe,
And say twas friendly counsell told thee so.

Satyra.

THis childish Anticke, doating pis-bald world,
Through which the Deuill, all blacke sins hath hurld,
Hath beene so long by wickednesse prest downe,
From the freese Plow-swaine to th' Imperiall Crowne.
We haue so long in vice accustom'd bin,
That nothing that is wicked lookes like sin.
The glistring Courtier in his gaudie tire,
Scornes with his heeles to know his russet Sire:
The pettifogging Lawyer crammes vp Crownes,
From hobnayld Boores, and sheep-skin country Clownes:
The gaping, greedie, griping Vsurer,

The ſonne of Hell, and Sathans treaſurer:
The baſe extorting blacke-ſould bribing Broaker,
The bane of Mankinde and his Countries choaker.
The helhound whelpethe ſhoulder-clapping Sergeant,
That cares not to vndoe the world for Argent.
The poſtknight that will ſweare away his ſoule,
Though for the ſame the law his eares doe powle.
The ſmoaky black-lung puſt Tobacconiſt,
Whoſe ioy doth in Tobacco ſole conſiſt.
The chollericke Gull that's tangled with a Drab,
And in her quarrell vvill his father ſtab.
The baudy drie boand letcherous Baboone,
Would faine repent, but thinkes it is too ſoone.
The ryming lyghonger would be a Poet,
But that the Raſcal hath not wit to ſhew it.
The wrinckled Bawd, and damnd vermelian whore
That buyes and ſels the poxe t'increaſe their ſtore.
The greaſie eauesdropping dore-keeping Pander,
That vvith a Punke to any man will vvander.
The conycatching ſhifter ſteales moſt briefe,
And when hees hang'd, heele ceaſe to be a thiefe,
The drowſie Drunkard, will carrouſe and quaffe,
Till like a Hog he tumble in his draffe.
Beſides, theres diuers other helborne ſinnes,
As ſome great men are wrapt in Miſers skinnes,
For feare of whoſe diſlike ile hold me ſtill,
And not bumbaſt them with my Ganders quill.
Conſider vvith thy ſelfe, God Reader then,
That heere thou liu'ſt amongſt thoſe wicked men,
Who on this earthly ſtage togethes keepe,
Like maggots in a putrified sheepe,
Whoſe damned dealings blacke confuſion brings,
By the iuſt iudgement of the King of Kings.

Paſtorall Equinokes, or a Shepheards complaint.

I That haue trac'd the mountaines vp and downe,
And pipte and chanted Songs and pleaſant layes:
The vvhilſt my flocks haue frisk't it on the downe,
Novv blinded loue my ſportiue pleaſures layes,
I that on greeny graſſe could lay me dovvne,
And ſleepe as ſoundly as on beds of downe.

I then vvas free from Loues all-vvounding blovv,
My Ewes and Lambs then merrily could fold:
I carde not then vvhich vvay the vvind did blow,
Nor had I cauſe vvith griefe my armes to infold.
I feard not Winters Froſt, nor Summers Sunne,
And then vvas I a happy mothers ſonne.

I then could haunt the Market and the Fayre,
And in a frolicke humour leape and ſpring:
Till ſhe vvhoſe beauty did ſurpaſſe all fayre,
Did vvith her froſty neeenes nip my Spring.
Then I alas, alas vnhappy I,
Was made a captiue to her ſcornfull eye.

When loues fell ſhaft vvithin my breaſt did light,
Then did my Cock-horſe pleaſure all a light,
Loues fiery flames ecclipſed all my light,
And ſhe vnkinde vveyd all my vvoes too light.
Oh then my merry dayes away did hie,
When I ſo low did dote on one ſo hie.

Her beauty, vvhich did make Loues Queene a Crow,
Whoſe vvhite did ſhame the Lilly, red the Roſe.
When *Phœbus* meſſenger the Cocke did crow,
Each morne vvhen from his Antipods he roſe.
Deſpight of gates, and barres, and bolts, and locks,
Heed kiſſe her face, and guild her golden locks.

Which makes my reſt, like thoſe that reſtleſſe be,
Like one that's hard purſude, and cannot flye:

Or

Or like the buſie buzzing humming Bee,
Or like the fruitleſſe nought reſpected Flye,
That cuts the ſubtill ayre ſo ſwift and faſt,
Till in the Spiders vveb hee's tangled faſt.

As bluſtring *Boreas* rends the loftie Pine,
So her vnkindneſſe rends and reaues my heart;
I vweepe, I vvaile, I ſigh, I grone, I pine,
I inward bleed as doth the vvounded Hart.
She that alone ſhould onely wiſh me vvell,
Hath drown'd my ioyes in ſorrowes ioyleſſe well.

The ruthleſſe Tyger, and the ſauage Beare,
All Beaſts and Birds of prey that haunt the wood,
In my laments doe ſeeme ſome part to beare,
But onely ſhe vvhoſe feature makes me vvood,
As barbing *Autumne* robs the trees of leaues:
Her ſtormelike ſcorne me void of comfort leaues:

No Caſtle, Fort, no Rampier, or ſtrong Hold,
But Loue vvill enter vvithout lavv or leaue:
For vvhere affections force hath taken hold,
There lawleſſe loue vvill ſuch impreſſion leaue,
That Gods, nor men, nor fire, earth, water, winde,
From Loues ſtraight lawes can neither turne nor vvinde.

Then ſince my hapleſſe haps falls out ſo hard,
Since all the fates on me their anger powre:
Since my laments and moanes cannot be heard,
And ſhe on me ſhewes her commaunding power.
What then remaines, but I diſſolue in teares.
Since her diſdaines my heart in pieces teares.

Dye then ſad heart in ſorrowes priſon pend,
Dye face thats cullord vvith a deadly dye:
Dye hand that in her praiſe hath Poems pend,
Heart, Face, and Hand, hapleſſe and helpleſſe dye.
Thou Serieant Death, that reſts & tak'ſt no bale,
Tis onely thou muſt eaſe my bitter bale.

This ſaid, he ſigh'd, and fell into a ſound,
That all the Hills, and Groues, and neighbouring Plaines,
The Ecchoes of his groanings ſeem'd to ſound,
With repercuſſion of his dying plaines.
And vvhere in life he ſcorned counſell graue,
Now in his death he reſts him in his graue.

Epitaph.

HEere lies ingrau'd vvhoſe life fell death did ſacke,
Who to his graue vvas brought vpon a Beere:
For whom let all men euer mourne in Sacke,
Or elſe remember him in Ale or Beere.
He vvho in life Loues blinded God did lead,
Now in his death lies heere as cold as Lead.

Sonnet: *In truſt lies treaſon.*

THe fowleſt friends aſſumes the faireſt formes,
The faireſt Fields doth feed the fowleſt toad:
The Sea at calm'ſt moſt ſubiect is to ſtormes,
In choyſeſt fruit the canker makes aboad.
So in the ſhape of all beleiuing truſt,
Lyes toad-inuenomd-treaſon coached cloſe,
Till like a ſtorme his trothleſſe thoughts out burſt
Who canker-like had laine in truſts repoſe.
For as the fire vvithin the Flint confinde,
In deepeſt Ocean ſtill vnquencht remaines:
Euen ſo the falſe though trueſt ſeeming minde,
Deſpight of truth the treaſon ſtill retaines,
Yet maugre treaſon truſt deſerueth truſt,
And truſt ſuruiues when treaſon dies accurſt.

Death

Death, with the foure Elements.

TWo Infant-twinnes a Sister and a Brother,
When out of dores was gone their carefull Sire,
And left his babes in keeping with their mother,
Who merrily sate singing by the fire.
Who hauing fil'd a tub with water warme,
She bath'd her girle (O ruthlesse tale to tell)
The whilst she thought the other safe from harme,
(Vnluckily) into the fire he fell:
Which she perceiuing lets her daughter drowne,
And rashly ran to saue her burning sonne.
Which finding dead, she hastily casts downe,
And all agast, doth to the water runne:
Where seeing tother was depriu'd of breath,
She gainst the earth falls downe, and dasht her braines:
Her Husband comes and sees this worke of death,
And desperate hangs himselfe to ease his paine.
Thus Death with all the Elements conspire,
To reaue mans life, Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire.

FINIS.

An

An Inkhorne disputation, or Mungrell conference, betwixt a Lawyer *and a Poet*:

VVith a quarterne of new catcht *Epigrams*, caught the last Fishingtide: fit for heauy stomackes *in Ember weekes, Fridayes*, and Fasting Euens.

An Inkehorne Disputation.

A Poet, and a Lawyer in dispute,
And one the other striued to confute,
The Poet talk't of great *Apolloes* shrine,
Of mount Pernassus, and the Muses nine,
The Lawyer's all in *Cases*, and in *Causes*,
In *Fines*, in *Fees*, *Recoueries* and in *Clawses*,
The Poet answeres him with *Elegies*,
With *Madrigals* and *Epithalamies*.
The Lawyer with his *Writs*, and his *Attachments*
His *Habeas Corpus*, and his strong *Apeachments*:
His *Executions*, and his *Mesteandums*,
His *Scire-facies*, and *Testificandums*,
His desperate *Outlaries*, his *Capiendoes*,
His *Surfararies*, and his *Proscedendoes*.
The Poet at the Lawyer layes on loads,
Of *Dactiles*, *Spondees*, *Annagrams* and *Odes*,
Of *Satyrs*, *Epigrams*, *Apostrophies*.
Of *Stops*, of *Commaes*, of *Parenthesis*.
Of *Accents*, *Figures*, *Tautologia*,
Of *Types*, *Tropes*, and *Amphibologia*.

Of *Saturne*, *Ioue*, of *Mars*, of *Sol's* hot ranging,
Of *Venus*, *Mercury*, of *Lunaes* changing.
Of *Tragicall* and *Comicall traditions*
Of *Truth*, of *Suppositions* and *Fictions*,
Of *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ouid*, *Tasso*, *Terence*,
Du bartas, *Petrarch*, *Plutarke*, *Horace*, from whence
He hath the *Art*, the *Knowledge*, and the *Skill*
To win the *Lawrell* from the forked hill.
The Lawyer then begins to thunder lowder,
As if he meant to blow him vp with Powder.
With *Actions*, *Cases*, *Capias vt Legatums*,
With *Decem tales*, *Scandala Magnatum*:
With his *Sedefendendoes*, and *Demurs*,
With *Prosses*, *Suplicauits*, *Premunire*:
With his *Scitations*, *Latitats*, *Delayes*,
And diuers more termes, which the Law displayes.
With *Littleton*, *Fitzherbert*, *Ployden*, *Brooke*,
With many a lawfull, and Law-wrested Booke.
The Poet boldly yet maintaines the field,
And with his Inkehorne termes disdaines to yeeld.
Vpon the Lawyer all a-fresh he comes,
With *Eglogues*, and with *Epicediums*,
With *Palinodies*, and *Pentameters*,
With sharpe *Iambicks*, and *Hexamiters*.
The Lawyer saw the Poet had such store,
Of pickeld words, said, hold; weele talke no more.
For thou by mee, or I shall not by thee,
By prating neuer edified bee.
And for Conclusion let vs both part friends,
And for our profits this shall be our ends.
We Lawyers liue vpon the times Abuses,
Whilst Poets starue by waiting on the Muses.

Epigram

Epigram 1. *Upon the word* Notwithstanding.

TOM swore to *Kate*, he neuer more would wooe her,
Kate wish't him hang'd, when next he com's vnto her:
But Lou's great (little) God the man commanding,
That *Tom* must needs goe to her notwithstanding.
Kate rayld, and brauld, and scoulded, curst, and band,
And gainst *Toms* notwithstanding did withstand.
At last the Not withstanding had forsooke,
And *Kate* affords her *Tom* a welcome looke.
Thus Notwithstanding did the warres encrease
And Stiffe withstanding made the friendly peace.

Epigram 2.

HALL and his wife into the water slipt,
She quickly *Hall* fast by the Codpeece gript:
And reason good she had to catch him there,
For hold she fast she need no drowning feare.
She oft had tride and prou'd, and found it so,
That thing would neuer to the bottome goe.

Epigram 3.

GOod *Besse* for beare, for beare thou canst full well,
For thou for bearing, bear'st away the bell.
Thy patience in thy bearing men admires,
That bearing many wrongs yet neuer tires.

Epigram 4.

TIs onely womens manners, and their carriage,
That maketh them vnfit, or fit for Marriage.
Then *Madge* thy carriage still so good hath bin
Thou get'st the Deu'll and all by commings in.

Epigram 5.

MALL doth commend *Sims* comelinesse of stature,
But most she likes his freenesse of his Nature.

For ſhe will ſweare indeed la, and in truth:
That *Sim* was euer a ſweet natur'd youth,

Epigram 6.

A Meſſenger, (declaring of his minde)
In making curteſie, let a ſcape behinde,
He looking backe, peace (Sirra) peace (quoth he)
For if you talke, I ſure will ſilent be.

Epigram 7.

THe Merchant (*Drubo*) hier'd a ſeruant laſſe,
And for her wages he doth duely pay,
From *Chriſtmas* quarter vnto *Michaelmas*,
She hath it paid her to a hayre (they ſay)
Somtimes betwixt the quarters ſhe doth take it,
For let it come when twill ſhee'le not forſake it.
And for her Maſter honeſt *Drubo* (hee)
He often payes her with a ſtanding fee.

Epigram 8.

FIe what an idle life man liu's (quoth *Dicke*)
How idely they their liues away doe paſſe:
Whilſt painefull women wins both praiſe and p.
Enduring as they were compoſde of Braſſe.
I thinke mens idleneſſe was neuer ſuch
And women ne're were occupide ſo much.

Epigram 9.

IT is no wonder wherefore little *Nell*,
So bigge below the waſte begins to ſwell:
For being hungry (in the darke) ſhe ſtole,
A haſtie Pudding, and deuour'd it whole.

Epigram 10.

AS through the Citie I did lately paſſe,
At a Carts tayle, a Beadle whipt a laſſe.

I ſtept vnto him, and I ask'd the cauſe,
Quoth he I whipt her, for ſhe brake the lawes:
In letting out her formoſt Roome fur pelfe,
And (for her pleaſure) backward lay her ſelfe.

Epigram 11.

A Little woman, did a bigge man wed,
And he was loath to lye with her in bed,
For feare to hurt her: then ſhe ſpide a Mouſe,
That playd, and leapt, and skipt about the houſe.
O Husband, would I had that Mouſe quoth ſhe,
Her skinne would make a payre of Gloues for me.
So wide (quoth he) I know twill neuer ſtretch,
Content your ſelfe (quoth ſhe) young things will reach.

Epigram 12.

A Luſtie wench, as nimble as an Eele,
Would giue a Gallant leaue to kiſſe and feele,
His itching humour ſtraight-way was in hope,
To toy, to wanton, dally, buſſe, and grope.
Hold Sir (quoth ſhe) my word I will not fayle,
For you ſhall feele my hand, and kiſſe my T.

Epigram 13. *On Miſtreſſe* Charitie.

IN very deed la, and ſincerities,
There is much Charitie in *Charitie*:
She hath ſo kinde, ſo free a lib'rall heart,
That euery man of her ſhall haue a part.

Epigram 14.

TWo Sheepe (in law) did lately long contend,
And *Wolfe* the Lawyer muſt the matter end.
Who with his fine fines, and his firking fees,
Drawes both their purſes to the very lees,
Their money gone, the ſtriſe of law did ceaſe,
They fooles fell out, and beggers made the peace.

Epigram 15.

MAd dapper *Dicke*, doth very often ſhift,
And yet hees lowzie through the want of ſhift.

Epigram 16. *On Madam* Temperance.

A Man that meant to trauaile, ſwore to's wife,
He would loue *Temp'rance*, as he lou'd his life,
Indeed he lou'd a fayre and beauteous dame,
(Although intemperate) *Temp'rance* was her name.
On whom he ſpent his loue, his luſt, his ſtore,
He might as well haue ſpent it on a whore.

Epigram 17.

Doll held the Candle, *Raph* would faine be doing,
O when (quoth ſhe) will you from lewdnes turne ye,
I prethee *Doll* quoth *Raph* regard my woing,
In truth quoth *Doll* lea be, or elſe ile burne ye.
Raph puts the light out, ſweares to haue about,
And yet *Doll* burn'd him, though the fire was out.

Epigram 18.

AS at an Inne I lately did a-light,
I to my Chamber lighted was with lights:
Where a light Curtezan (of manners light,)
Make glad my Heart, my Liuer, and my Lights.
Yet when the Candle light was me bereft,
For all thoſe lights I was in darkneſſe left.

Epigram 19. *Light vanitie.*

WHat is more light then Vapor, Corke, or Feather?
Or what more light then Vanity can be?
Compact, compoſe, compare light things together
And nothings lighter then a wanton ſhee.
Yet heer's the Riddle, (paſt my wits to ſcanne)
Her lightneſſe weighes downe many a heauy man.

Epigram

Epigram 20.

TWas ne're ſo hard (ſince firſt the world began)
To finde an honeſt true right-handed man.
Hath man two left hands? no; I pray how then,
Are men nor right hand, or left handed men?
The left hand now, may well be cal'd the left,
For truth and honeſt dealing it hath left.
And for the right hand, tis the wrong hand ſure
It ſelfe to wrong, or wrong doth ſtill inure.
So to conclude (I doubt) aboue the ground
A true right-handed man, can ſcarce be found.

Epigram 21.

MY Lawyer ſaid the caſe was plaine for me,
The Angell told him ſo he tooke for fee,
But yet my Angell and my Lawyer lyed,
For at my Iudgement I was damnifide.

Epigram 22.

AS Gold is better that's in fire tride,
So is the bankeſide Globe that late was burn'd:
For where before it had a thatched hide,
Now to a ſtately Theator tis turn'd.
Which is an Emblem, that great things are won,
By thoſe that dare through greateſt dangers run.

Epigram 23.

GOod companie's in ſuch requeſt with *Ione*,
Tis death to her to walke or lye alone.

Epigram 24.

IScorne (quoth *Alſe*) to be put downe by any,
And yet tis knowne ſhe's bin put downe by many.

Epigram

Epigram 25.

MY Ladies foysting hound (surnamed Muske)
Did chance to mute vpon my Ladies buske:
But ouer all the world, twixt Heauen and Hell,
I thinke no Muske had euer stronger smell.

Epilogue.

GOod Reader, if my harsh vnlearned rimes,
(wherewith my Muse hath whipt the se heedlesse times)
Hath pleas'd thy pallat with their true endeauour:
She then will thinke her selfe most fortunate,
And shall hereafter be importunate,
Her selfe in better labours to persever.
I speake not to those ignorant lacke-braines,
That with their Canker-biting enuious iawes,
Will seeme to staine my Muses innocence.
But in all humblenesse I yeeld to those,
Who are detracting Ignorances foes:
And loues the labours of each good pretence.
Dislike and scorne may chance my Booke to smother,
But kinde acceptance brings forth such another.

YOu that the Sculler right doth vnderstand,
Heer's very glad you'r safely come to land.
But if that any snarling manlike Monster,
His honest meaning wrongfully misconster:
To such in all despight, he sends this word,
From Booke and Boat heele hurle them ouer board.

I. T.

FINIS.

DEEDS AGAINST NATVRE,
and Monſters by kinde:

Tryed at the Goale deliuerie of Newgate, *at the Seſſions in the Old Bayly, the 18. and 19. of July laſt, 1614. the one of a London Cripple named John Arthur, that to hide his ſhame and luſt, ſtrangled his betrothed wife. The other of a laſciuious yong Damſell named Martha Scamb'er, which made away the fruit of her own womb, that the world might not ſee the ſeed of her owne ſhame: Which two perſons with diuers others were executed at Tyburne the 21. of Iuly following.*

With two ſorrowfull Ditties of theſe two aforeſaid perſons, made by themſelues in Newgate, the night before their execution.

At London printed for *Edward Wright*. 1614.